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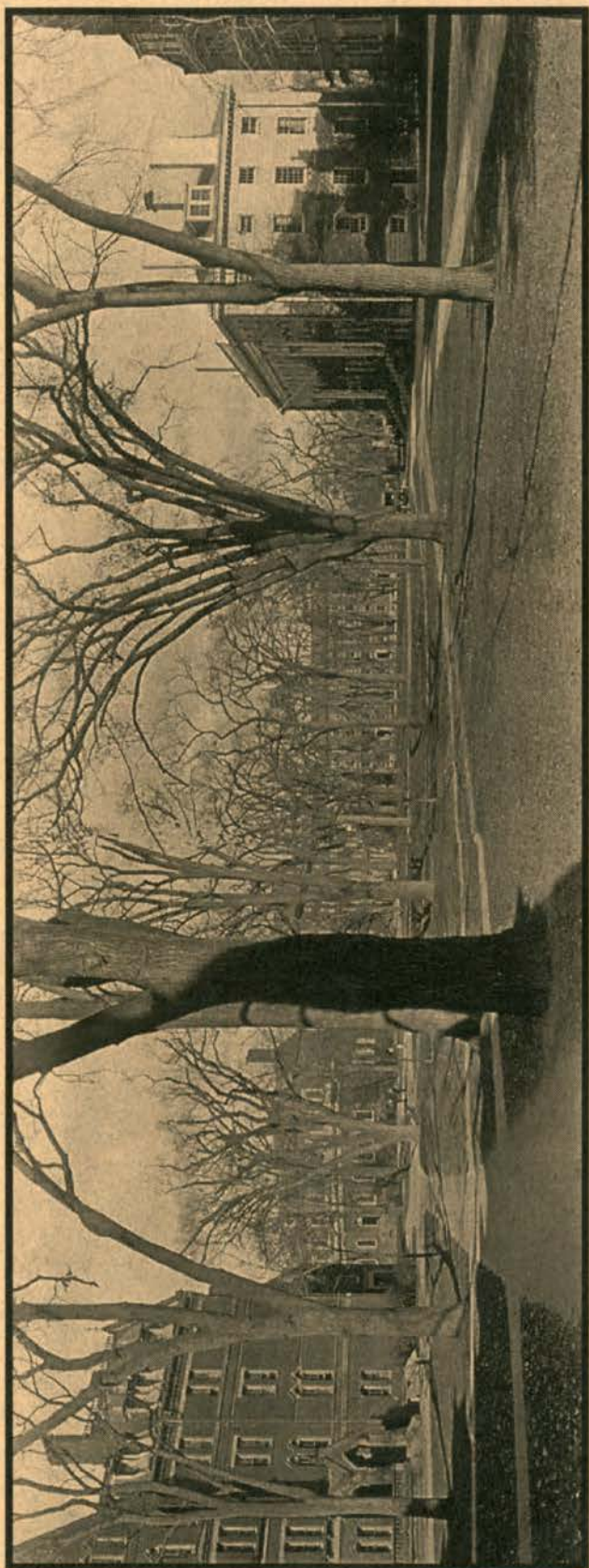
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WILLIAM JAMES
(*The Will
To Believe*):

The details vanish
in the bird's-eye
view; but so does
the bird's-eye view
vanish in the
details.

TERRIFIED
of being alone, yet
afraid of intimacy,
we experience
widespread feelings
of emptiness, of
disconnection, of
the unreality of
self. And here the
computer, a com-
panion without
emotional
demands, offers a
compromise. You
can be a loner, but
never alone. You
can interact, but
need never feel vul-
nerable to another
person.

SHERRY TURKLE, *The
Second Self* (NY:
Simon and
Schuster, 1984).

S.R.N. CHAMFORT
(*Characters and
Anecdotes*):
A woman of ninety
said to M. de
Fontenelle, then
ninety-five, "Death
has forgotten us."
"Shh," said M. de
Fontenelle, putting
his finger to
his lips.

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Ballast is an acronym for Books Art Language
Logic Ambiguity Science and Teaching, as well
as a distant allusion to *Blast*, the short-lived
publication founded during World War I by Wyn-
dham Lewis, the Vorticist artist and writer. *Bal-
last* is mainly a pastiche of astonishing passages
from books, magazines, diaries and other writ-
ings. Put differently, it is a journal devoted to
wit, the contents of which are intended to be
insightful, amusing or thought provoking.

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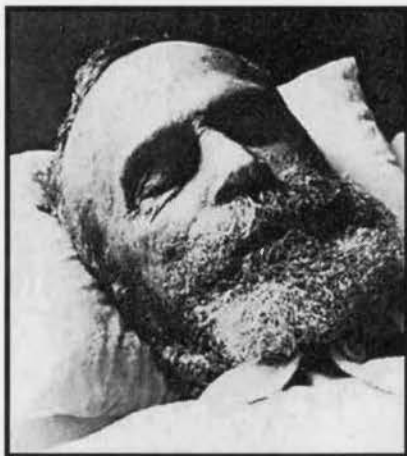
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AFTER COMPOSING all day, [Igor]
Stravinsky needed the wit-dulling diversion
[of going to the movies]. It could be tor-
ture for Mrs. Stravinsky and/or myself,
because he preferred cowboy and gangster
films, good and bad guys clearly delineated.
He liked animated cartoons as well, but not
the Looney Tunes ending "That's all, folks!"
(I once heard him reply to an interviewer's
question "What do you dislike most about
America?" with "I don't like to be called
'folks'").

ROBERT CRAFT, *An Improbable Life* (Vander-
bilt University Press, 2002), p. 144.

LOOKING FOR
A WAY OUT:
The Life and Death
of William James

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LEFT
Photograph by
William (Billy) James
Jr. of the body of his
father, the philoso-
pher WILLIAM JAMES,
moments after his
death (1910).

ABOUT FORTY years ago, when one of my college professors was asked which philosopher he found most interesting, his answer was Baruch Spinoza. I've never forgotten that odd moment, in part because I've wondered how I might have answered. At the time, I think I would have said Bertrand Russell (whose books I'd been reading since high school), but now I would promptly and firmly reply William James.

Who was William James? One answer is that he was an American philosopher and psychologist who lived from 1842 to 1910. He was also a New England blue blood. Rich and well-connected, he found it rewarding to travel and live in Europe. Having been intellectually groomed at Harvard University as both an undergraduate and graduate, he became a philosophy professor and taught for 32 years on that same campus.

He was of course the brother of Henry James, the celebrated novelist, while Alice James, their invalid sister, is known for the letters and journals she wrote. In a sense, like his brother and sister, William James was first and foremost a writer, an extraordinary non-fiction writer, although he is mostly remembered today as the chief proponent of Pragmatism.

The single, most important event that made James a household name was the publication in 1890 of his two-volume textbook, titled *Principles of Psychology*. No other text-

[THE ENGLISH of Russian-born orchestra director Serge Koussevitzky] was rudimentary, virtually without syntax. It seems that when he dismissed a player during a rehearsal one day, the victim, before leaving, angrily shouted vulgar profanities at him, to which Koussevitzky responded: "It is too late to apologize."

ROBERT CRAFT, *An Improbable Life* (Vanderbilt University Press, 2002), pp. 53-54.



WILLIAM JAMES
(*The Principles of Psychology*):

Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits.

Such words as "chain" or "train" do not describe it fitly as it presents itself in the first instance. It is nothing jointed; it flows.

A "river" or a "stream" are the metaphors by which it is most naturally described.

ANON

(*Pages from a Private Diary, 1899*):

Mr. James, I mean Mr. William James, the humorist who writes on Psychology, not his brother, the psychologist who writes novels.

book then or since is as literate, as quotable, as finely and fluently written. It is at once authoritative and conversational, a magnificent 1400-page essay that took him twelve long years to write. Among teachers and students, it was simply known as "James." Two years later, when he produced an abbreviated version in one volume, titled *Psychology: The Briefer Course*, it was given the nickname of "Jimmy."

In the mid-1890s, he contributed to the development of Gertrude Stein, the gifted (if still controversial) American expatriate writer. It was James who coined the phrase "stream of consciousness" (or "stream of thought"), while Stein is more infamous than famous for her annoyingly repetitive "word portraits," in which she adjusts, returns, adjusts again, yet never exactly retraces her steps, like a dog in pursuit of a promising scent.

Reading her often bewildering prose, one is reminded not only of James' stream of consciousness, but also of the notion that (with apologies to Heraclitus) one cannot step twice into the same stream of consciousness. As an undergraduate, when she was James' student at Radcliffe College (Harvard's annex for women back then), she engaged in laboratory experiments in "automatic writing," the practice of writing so rapidly that the mind can no longer keep pace with the pen. Small wonder that her famous word portraits sound like automatic writing.

There is a memorable story about Stein and James in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (written by Stein, pretending to be speaking as her lifelong companion): "It was a very lovely spring day [writes Stein], Gertrude Stein had been going to the opera every night and going also to the opera in the afternoon and had been otherwise engrossed and it was the period of the final examinations, and there was the examination in William James' course. She sat down with the examination paper before her and she just could not. Dear Professor James, she wrote at the top of her paper. I am so sorry but really I do not feel a bit like an examination paper in philosophy today, and left." The next day, Stein continues, a card from James arrived that read, "Dear Miss Stein, I understand perfectly how you feel I often feel like that myself." Whereupon, he gave her the highest grade in the course.

In his own time, James' teaching methods were atypical at least, maybe radical. Even today, to give the highest grade to a student who walks out of the final exam is likely to meet with suspicion. Imagine the questions that James would be asked now by his university colleagues, administrators and (god forbid!) his tenure committee: Shouldn't he have based his grades on a set of objective criteria that could be applied evenhandedly to all his students? What will happen if, next semester, his entire class should refuse to take the final exam? By treating one student with such leniency, is he not contributing to "grade inflation"?

Anticipating such questions, somewhere he admonished new teachers to be "patient and sympathetic with the type of mind that cuts a poor figure in examinations. It may, in the long examination which life sets us, come out in the end in better shape than the glib and ready reproducer, its passions being deeper, its purposes more worthy, its combining power less commonplace, and its total mental output consequently more important."

James Putnam, a friend and Harvard colleague, offered a thought that may also shed light on James' leniency toward Stein: James, said Putnam, realized "that the fire of genius is distributed widely among men, as radium is found in minute quantities among baser minerals, and his generous instinct and intellectual zeal prompted him to seek its traces out."

James was often photographed. Among my favorites is a pair of snapshots taken by his daughter Margaret at his farm at Chocorua, in upstate New Hampshire. On a sunlit morning in September 1903, we see him talking to his friend and Harvard colleague, Josiah Royce. He is dressed in the outfit he typically wore to his classroom, including a colorful tie, a brown tweed suit, and what may be his riding boots, a style that so greatly contrasted with the drab formality of other teachers that one classroom visitor said that he looked "more like a sportsman than a professor." In the first photograph, he and Royce are serious, while in the second (only moments later), James now is laughing and clowning around, saying "Royce, you're being photographed! Look out! I say Damn the Absolute!"

It is evident in portraits of him that he had the most wonderful wrinkles around the



WILLIAM JAMES
(*The Principles of Psychology*):

In the meaningless French words "*pas de lieu Rhone que nous*," who can recognize immediately the English "paddle your own canoe"?



WILLIAM JAMES
(letter to H.G. Wells, 1906): The moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess success. That—with the squalid cash interpretation put on the word success—is our national disease.

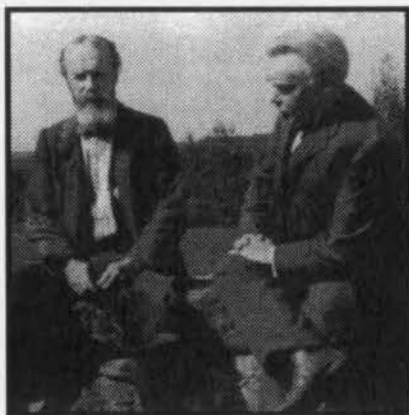
WILLIAM JAMES
*(The Varieties
 of Religious
 Experience):*

The lunatic's visions of horror are all drawn from the material of daily fact. Our civilization is founded on the shambles, and every individual existence goes out in a lonely spasm of helpless agony. If you protest, my friend, wait till you arrive there yourself.



WILLIAM JAMES
*(The Varieties
 of Religious
 Experience):*

What we need to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war: something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proven itself to be incompatible.



outside edges of his eyes (called "crow's-feet"), as occur on the faces of people who laugh. James laughed very easily in the company of others, some thought too easily. He was once compared to a "nervous thoroughbred," and his students are said to have pleaded with him "to be serious for a moment." He had "lively blue eyes" and, "even in old age, seemed spirited and vigorous." Putnam remembered that he was "always full of playfulness and fun. His laughter was never boisterous, but no one could be quicker than he to see the chance for merriment, let the joke be with him or against him."

It may be that some of his laughter was used to mitigate his anxiety. Throughout his life, he was repeatedly overwhelmed by depression and self-doubt. He described himself as a "sick soul" after he had a momentous attack of anxiety when he was 28 years old. As a result of that nightmarish breakdown, James said later, "the universe was changed for me altogether. I awoke morning after morning with a horrible dread at the pit of my stomach, and with a sense of insecurity of life that I never knew before..." Try as he might, he could not rid himself of dread, which he described in a letter as his "besetting sin." Given the slightest reason for anxiety, he continued, "the whole 'clanging rookery' of hell comes darkening the air, and settling down in my devoted bosom as if it were their undisputed nest." Even on the brink of retirement, as he walked toward his classroom for one of the last times, he said to a friend he bumped into, "I have lectured so and so many years and yet here am I in trepidation on the way to my class."

In those photographs of James with Royce, he is seated on a short stone wall, typi-



WILLIAM JAMES
(The Will To Believe):

An unlearned carpenter of my acquaintance once said in my hearing: "There is very little difference between one man and another, but what little there is, is very important." This distinction seems to me to go to the root of the matter. It is not only the size of the difference which concerns the philosopher, but also its place and its kind.



WILLIAM JAMES
(Memories and Studies)

Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us. Individuals show the way, see the patterns. The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.

cal of New England, like the one that Robert Frost describes in "The Mending Wall." It's a perfectly suitable setting for him, because he was always a sort-crosser, a person who straddles the boundaries between intellectual territories. Both a philosopher and a psychologist, he was a scientific scholar whose writings are also exemplary from the standpoint of literature. He was not a church-goer, and yet he was genuinely interested in what he called "the varieties of religious experience." He was curious about chemical stimulants, extra-sensory perception, and spiritualism. "Keep your mind open," he advised his students, remembered Stein, "and when some one objected, but Professor James, this that I say, is true. Yes, said James, it is abjectly true."

As a young man, he briefly entertained the hope that he might someday become an artist. He loved to draw, and at age eighteen he moved to Newport, Rhode Island, where he studied in the studio of the painter William Morris Hunt, along with another artist and Arts and Crafts designer named John La Farge, with whom he remained good friends. All but one of his paintings no longer exist, but a number of sketches and drawings remain, including a piercing self-portrait from 1866. Hunt admired his artistic capacity, but warned that society rarely responds to the needs of an artist. Soon after, for whatever reasons (self-doubt, poor health, his father's disapproval), James abandoned art and decided to go into science instead.

Many years later, two of his sons, William (called Billy) and Alexander (Aleck), took up the career that their father had dropped. Both became reasonably good painters, but not without confronting first their own father's skepticism. They became

pupils of Abbott H. Thayer, a New Hampshire painter known as the "father of camouflage," who was himself a sort-crossover, having made major discoveries as both an artist and a naturalist.

James had urged Aleck (who was nineteen) to apply to Harvard as a freshman, but the latter's academic record was lackluster, and he wanted to learn from an artist instead. In the fall of 1909, Thayer sent William James a letter, pleading that Aleck be given some time to test his artistic potential. "To me," Thayer wrote to James, "you are doing to Aleck the same thing as if one were to lash the magnetic needle, nail or cement it, fast in an approved northerly direction! For better or for worse his needle does not consent to settle north till it has done its swinging."

James died less than a year later on August 26, 1910. The last photographs of him were taken on his deathbed, soon after his breathing had come to an end. They were



WILLIAM JAMES
(*The Will To Believe*):

Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact.

I ONCE saw [Henry] James quarreling with his brother William James, the psychologist. He had lost his calm; he was terribly unnerved. He appealed to me, to me of all people, to adjudicate on what was and what was not permissible behavior in England...I had come to Rye with a car to fetch William James and his daughter to my home at Sandgate. William had none of Henry's passionate regard for the polish upon the surfaces of life and he was immensely excited by the fact that in the little Rye inn, which had its garden just over the high brick wall of the garden of Lamb House [Henry's residence], G.K. Chesterton was staying. William James had corresponded with our vast contemporary and he sorely wanted to see him. So with a scandalous directness he had put the gardener's ladder against that ripe red wall and clambered up and peeped over! Henry had caught him at it.

H.G. WELLS as quoted by SIMON NOWELL-SMITH, compiler, *The Legend of the Master* (London, Constable, 1947), p. 149.

LEON [KIRCHNER] said he was present when Rene Leibowitz and his (and onetime my) inamorata, Ellen Adler, played their recording of Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon* in the composer's home. At the end, after a stunned silence, Gertrud Schoenberg [the composer's wife] blurted out: "I always knew that love is blind but now I know that it is also deaf."

ROBERT CRAFT, *An Improbable Life* (Vanderbilt University Press, 2002), p. 394.

made by his artist son Billy, who also made a plaster cast of his face (called a "death mask"). Thayer came up for the funeral, and, having the same physical build as the deceased philosopher, was given a bundle of clothing that James would no longer need. Among those inherited articles was a wonderful brown Norfolk jacket that James had often worn when he lectured to his students.

His friend John J. Chapman said that James, at heart, always "wanted to be a poet and an artist, and that there lay in him, beneath the ocean of metaphysics, a Lost Atlantis of fine arts..."

And his colleague George Santayana observed that "Philosophy to him was rather like a maze in which he happened to find himself wandering, and what he was looking for was a way out."

Let us hope that his passing provided him that. ♪

WILLIAM JAMES
[Our finest teachers] have to be treated tenderly. They don't need to live in superfluity; but they need freedom from harassing care; they need books and instruments; they are always overworking, so they need generous vacations; and above all things they need occasionally to travel far and wide in the interest of their soul's development.

★ *The Art of Teaching Art: A Guide for Teaching and Learning the Foundations of Drawing-Based Art*, by Deborah Rockman. Oxford University Press, New York NY, 2000. 338 pp., illus. Cloth, \$35.00. ISBN 0-19-513079-0.

ONLY RECENTLY did we run across this book, which was published several years ago. Today, if a student would ask for a source on how to learn to draw, we would recommend this one. At the same time (and this is the author's initial intent), if a college art instructor would ask for a source on how to teach drawing at a beginning or foundations level, we would also recommend this book. The author is on the faculty at the Kendall College of Art and Design in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and has taught drawing for more than twenty years. It appears that her reason for writing the book is that she believes that a prescribed way of looking at things (stressing relations instead of details) is required for producing works that are both accurate and engaging, and that time-tested tools and procedures help in learning to draw. If those or equivalent methods are not used, often because they were never learned by the teachers themselves, then few students can ever hope to draw, regardless of how many courses they take. This book is surprisingly thorough in trying to speak in a sensible way about such drawing-related concepts as composition, scaling, anatomy, tonal range, contour, perspective and so on. What also sets it apart from other drawing texts are its discussions in various sections about managing a classroom, the purpose and conduct of in-class critiques, grading, photographing ones artwork, organizing syllabi, and building essential materials lists. There is even an entire section on preparing students for life after graduation, with advice on constructing ones resume, writing letters of recommendation, interviewing, and applying for graduate school. In the end, the most persuasive part is the consistent, extraordinary quality of the drawings that are used as compelling examples throughout. ♪

★ *Black Mountain College: Experiment in Art*, edited by Vincent Katz. MIT Press, Cambridge MA, 2003. 328 pp., 470 illus. Cloth, \$35.00. ISBN 0-262-11279-5.

DESPITE ITS small size (never more than 100 students) and short duration (1933-1957), the experimental arts school called Black Mountain College (near Ashville, North Carolina) always gets lots of attention, perhaps even more than it merits at times. Misleadingly called an American Bauhaus, much of its claim to celebrity comes from the seemingly limitless list of teachers and students who were there at one time or another, often very briefly (artists, poets, dancers and musicians), among them Suzie Gablik, Arthur Penn, Stan Vanderbeek, Russell Edson, Bernard Rudofsky, Jonathan Williams (these names are less often listed than certain others) and many others. Surely, it was an important event in the history of the arts and education, as described in detail by two earlier books: *Black Mountain: An Exploration in Community*, by Martin B. Duberman (1972), and *Arts at Black Mountain College* by Mary Emma Harris (1987). Otherwise, one can find first-hand accounts in memoirs of what it was like to have taught or studied there, such as Leo Lionni's remembered chagrin at having "grossly overestimated the intellectual level and experience of the students." Despite the plentiful writings about the subject, this new large-format, lavish book is a welcome and useful addition to the school's documentation. It necessarily repeats some of the anecdotes, photographic snapshots, and work examples that were published earlier, but it also introduces new and sometimes more provocative examples. For instance, there are artworks by Black Mountain participants, but pieces made years later, not while they were at the school, including a marvelous pair of saddle shoes by Ray Johnson, in which JOHN has been lettered on the toe of one shoe, CAGE on the other. With nearly 500 illustrations (half in color), the visual richness of the book comes partly because it was published in conjunction with a Black Mountain exhibition that took place in 2002 at the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia in Madrid, Spain. The text is equally interesting, if not more so, because it consists of new essays about various aspects of the school by four different scholars: Its Bauhaus connection; its contribution to modern music; its publication of the *Black Mountain Review*; and a memoir about the poet Charles Olson by Robert Creeley, who actually taught at Black Mountain during its final years. ➤

WILLIAM JAMES
We are all ready
to be savage in
some cause. The
difference between
a good man and a
bad one is the
choice
of the cause.

WILLIAM JAMES
(The Moral Equiva-
lent of War): His-
tory is a bath of
blood.

AN UNCLE of mine...once in the middle of Regent Street, crossing amongst the traffic, met [Henry] James. While they were standing there he learned that my uncle had just returned from India. This struck him [James] greatly, since he himself had just returned from what was to prove his last visit to America. He started to elaborate on the theme of the impression on an Englishman just returned from India made by an American living for many years in England who had just returned to England from a visit to his native land. It was impossible for many minutes to extricate him from the traffic.

STEPHEN SPENDER as quoted by SIMON NOWELL-SMITH, compiler, *The Legend of the Master* (London, Constable, 1947), p. 42.



LEFT
Student trick photography by KATIE
BAEDKE (2002).

★ *The Gendered World of the Bauhaus: The Politics of Power at the Weimar Republic's Premier Art Institute, 1919-1932*, by Anja Baumhoff. Peter Lang, Frankfurt am Main, Germany, 2001. 187 pages. As reviewed by R. Roger Remington.

THE AUTHOR of this new, interesting book on the Bauhaus (the famous German design school) is a cultural historian who studied at the Universities of Freiburg (Germany) and Oxford (England), and then earned a PhD at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. The first two chapters are a thorough yet concise accounting of all three phases of the school (in Weimar, Dessau and Berlin), with historical material interwoven with the issue of gender inequality, which is the book's primary subject. The author provides a chronology of the women who played significant roles at the school as teachers, technicians, assistants and students, with the result that the book is an overview of how women were treated at the Bauhaus. Gender stereotyping and male dominance were commonplace in the 1920s, and the Bauhaus was no exception. Like the rest of society, it was largely a "man's world," and was administered in a way that preserved those attitudes. The school's founder (Walter Gropius) and its master teachers (mostly male) were all but oblivious to the messy, complex problem of the unequal treatment of genders, a major contributive factor to which was the inferior status afforded to "craft," as distinct from "art," a division that widened substantially at the end of the Middle Ages. Bauhaus women were assigned to the craft workshops (ceramics, metals and textiles), but not to the more elite art areas. Baumhoff concedes that, in the school's development, there was more freedom and opportunity given to women during its initial phase at Weimar than at Dessau, when the categorical boundaries became even more rigid. Baumhoff offers a fascinating and persuasive argument, adroitly supporting her narrative with meaningful quotes and a wealth of specific examples. ✍

MARK SULLIVAN [describing Samuel Compers' hair]: Like a piece of worn-out buffalo robe which has lain in the garret and been chewed by the moths since 1890, and then been thrown out in the rain and laid in the gutter for a year or two, and then been dragged by a puppy dog to cut his teeth on.

RIGHT
Student trick
photography by
VALERIE
FERGUSON
(2002).



★ *Pierre Bourdieu: Sociology Is A Martial Art*, directed by Pierre Carles. Produced by Veronique Fregosi and Annie Gonzalez. C.P. Productions and VF Films, 2001. VHS video. 146 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: <http://www.frif.com>.

THIS IS a collage-like film biography of an outspoken French sociologist, university professor and Chair of Sociology at the College de France, who died in 2002 at age 71. Filmed over a period of three years, it was popular in France shortly before Bourdieu's early death. Unfortunately, it may not be quite as engaging for American audiences because nearly all the soundtrack is in French (with English subtitles), while the issues addressed are so hopelessly huge that, even if it were in English, it is unlikely to be penetrable by anyone except a Bordieu enthusiast. The film's title is derived from a colorful statement in which Bordieu (in this film and in earlier writings) refers to sociology as "a martial art, a means of self-defense." It also alludes to his vocal support of certain socio-economic causes, as distinct from a reclusive scholar who stays at arm's length from his research subject. The particular film is enriched by several odd events, as when this "celebrity scholar" is hailed on the street by a former student who talks on and on about his influence on her, and yet never lets him speak. In another segment, he converses with the German novelist Gunter Grass on a television program; and in a third, we can follow his facial expressions as he opens, reads and is completely baffled by a letter from the French screenwriter Jean Luc Godard. In a documentary that is lengthier than most feature films, one cannot help but start to sense his exasperation with his own life. For more than two cinematic hours, we follow him as he goes to political rallies, to research conferences, to interviews with journalists, on endless car and airplane trips, to meetings with students, and to sessions with his office staff. There is a revealing moment in which he stands alone, totally exhausted, then suddenly looks at the camera and sighs, "Poor Bordieu." He has become so sought after that he no longer has the time nor the energy to do what allowed him to gradually build "cultural capital" (one of his favorite terms), and to rise from his working class origins to academic prominence. >



LEFT
Student trick
photography by
KENDRA MEYER
(2002).

★ AS EVERYONE knows, our access to the World Wide Web, combined with the speed and effectiveness of internet search engines, have greatly increased the likelihood of copyright violation. As a further complication, the applicability to digital publishing of existing copyright laws is not always obvious. While there are helpful printed books on copyright law, a far better source is a rich and interesting site on the internet called "Copyright for Collage Artists" at <www.funnys-trange.com/copyright/index.html>. Created a few years ago by Sarah Ovenall, a designer from North Carolina, it is organized around an exacting yet readable narrative on her own concerns about inadvertent copyright violation and its consequences, legal and otherwise. Of particular value are various sections on Common Myths, Fair Use, Trademark, Derivative Works, Copyright Duration, and so on. In a section called Online Resources, there are direct internet links to various non-government sources pertaining to copyright, as well as a link to the U.S. Copyright Office, where one can access all the forms to register a copyright. One of the things Ovenall discusses (and provides an online link for too) is the huge collection of copyright free art that is available through Dover Publications, a venerable New York book publisher. For decades, Dover has been putting out dozens and dozens of books in a collection officially known as the Dover Pictorial Archives. Each volume contains hundreds of copyright-free images, mostly Victorian-era illustrations that are now in public domain. Dover of course owns its own copyright on the newly-published volumes, but permits the reproduction of a certain number of the featured images in any one project, without permission or paying a fee. The range of available image styles, historical periods, and subjects (some in book form only, others also on a CD-ROM) is phenomenal, as can be seen by accessing their website at <www.doverpublications.com> or, once there, by requesting that they mail you the current printed catalog for the Dover Pictorial Archives. Both Dover's publication list and Ovenall's copyright website are extraordinarily helpful resources for artists, graphic designers, teachers and scholars in art and historical fields. ✈

RIGHT
Student trick
photography by
KATIE BAEDKE
(2002).



BIG BILL
HAYWOOD:
[American labor
leader Samuel
Gompers] was very
short and chunky
with a big head that
was bald in patches,
resembling a child
suffering with ring-
worm.

ON SUNDAY afternoon, December 7, 1941, my father and I were watching a football game in Rockville Center, Long Island, when a loudspeaker announced the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The game went on as though the statement had not been understood, or taken for another Orson Welles radio hoax, but when twice repeated, the stunned, disbelieving crowd in the bleachers began to drift away. As we drove back to Manhattan, the automobile radio sputtered news bulletins, one of which said that the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston had been cordoned by police because of concern that its great collection of Japanese Art might be endangered by reprisals.

ROBERT CRAFT, *An Improbable Life* (Vanderbilt University Press, 2002), p. 33.

I WAS once walking with him [Henry James] and Mr. John Galsworthy...[whose] dachshund Maximilian ran sheep, so, not to curtail the animal's exercise, the Master had provided it with a leash at least ten yards long. Mr. Galsworthy and I walked one on each side of James listening obediently while he talked. In order to round off an immense sentence the great man halted...He planted his [walking] stick firmly into the ground and went on and on and on. Maximilian passed between our six legs again and again, threading his leash behind him. Mr. Galsworthy and I stood silent. In any case we must have resembled the *Laocoon*, but when Maximilian had finished the resemblance must have been overwhelming. The Master finished his reflections, attempted to hurry on, found that impossible. Then we liberated ourselves with difficulty. He turned on me, his eyes fairly blazing, lifting his cane on high and slamming it into the ground: "H..." he exclaimed, "you are painfully young, but at no more than the age to which you have attained, the playing of such tricks is an imbecility! An im...be...cility!"

FORD MADDOX HEUFFER as quoted by SIMON NOWELL-SMITH, compiler, *The Legend of the Master* (London, Constable, 1947), p. 44.

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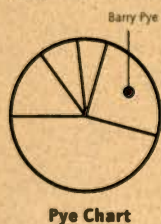
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[IGOR] STRAVINSKY was in his [Hollywood physician Max Edel's] office as often as three times a week to receive B12 and Vitamin C piques, "boosters" as they were called, the fashion of the time. Edel dispensed these to everyone, and knowing that I fancied Ursula Andress, the star of the Bond film, *Dr. No*, he slipped me into a doctor's white smock so that I could remain in the room while he injected her shapely, maddently attractive posterior.

ROBERT CRAFT, *An Improbable Life* (Vanderbilt University Press, 2002), p. 128.

NOTE

We regret the extraordinary delay of this issue. In part, we were slowed in the process by having to acknowledge all the letters received in response to the previous issue, called *How Ballast Began*. In particular, a number of readers inquired about Barry Pye, who conducted the marvelous interview in that issue. *Is he an only child?* asked one reader. *Is he related to Gomer Pye?* inquired another. *Does he play a musical instrument? Or chew gum?* Having no time to reply individually, we are hereby publishing a diagram of Barry Pye in relation to his entire family, in the conveniently instructive form of a Pye Chart (below), devised with the updated version of the finest office software.



Cover

Photograph of Harvard University campus, c1909, the year prior to the death of William James.

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